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ROBIN GOODFELLOW 1628.









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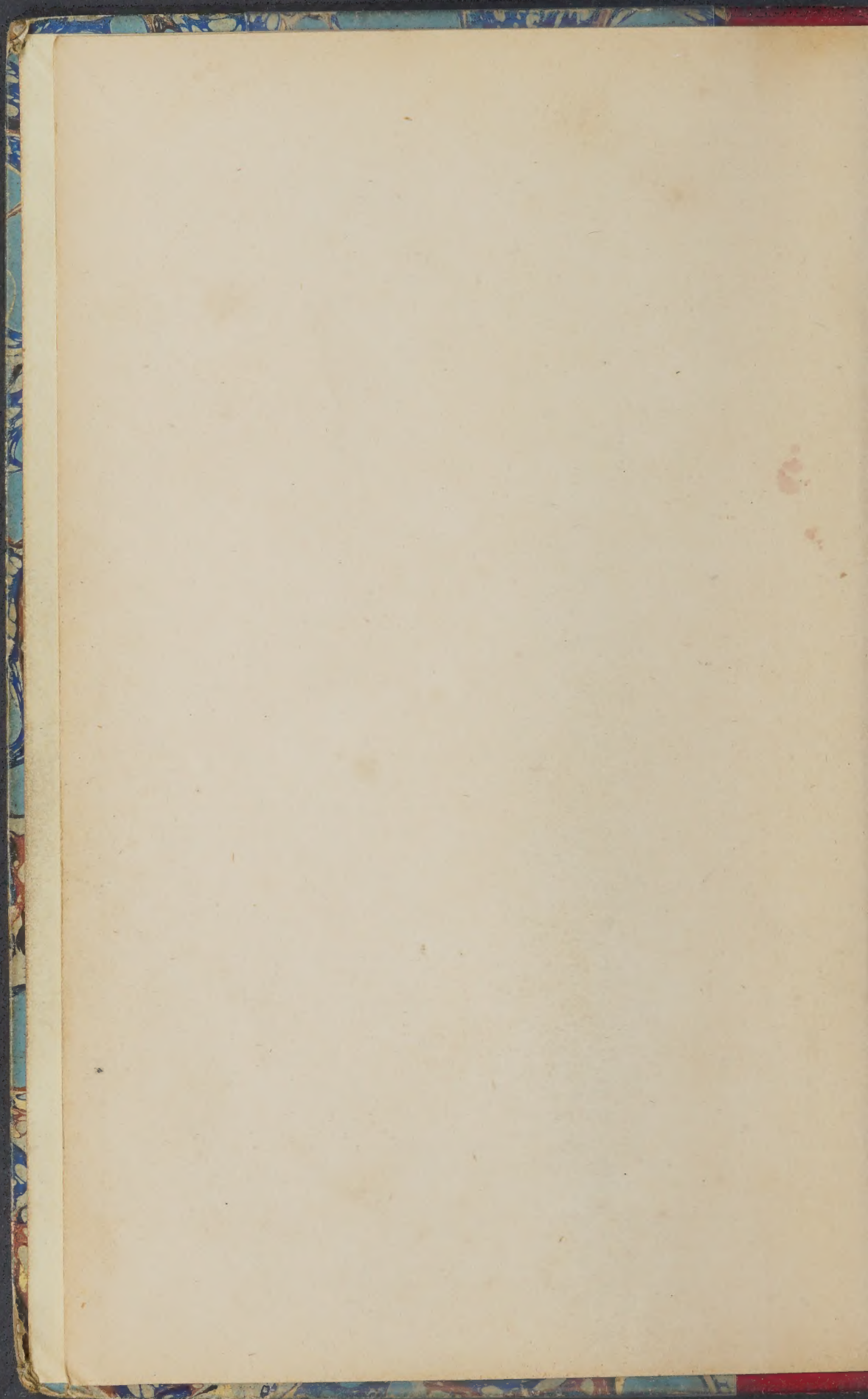
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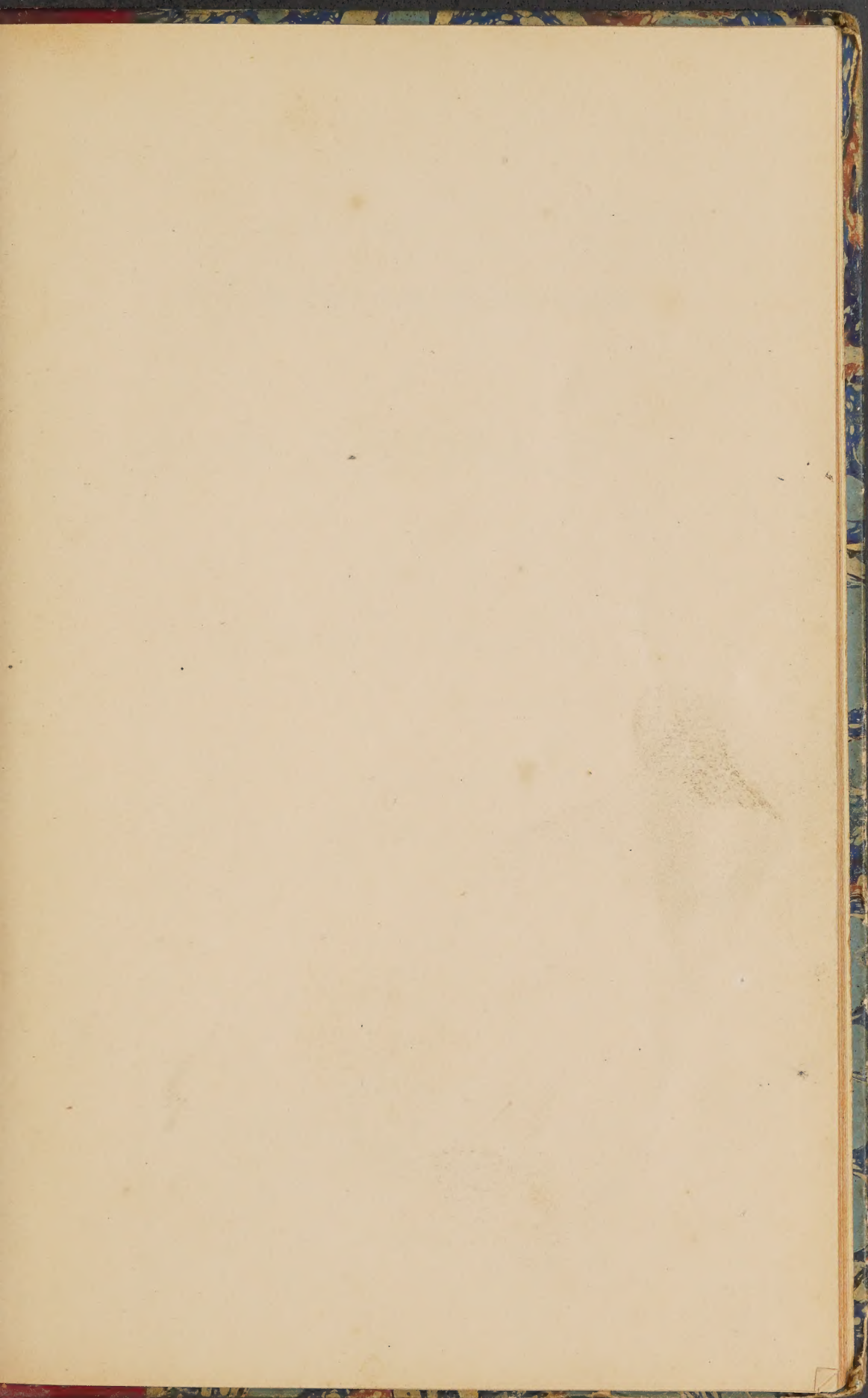
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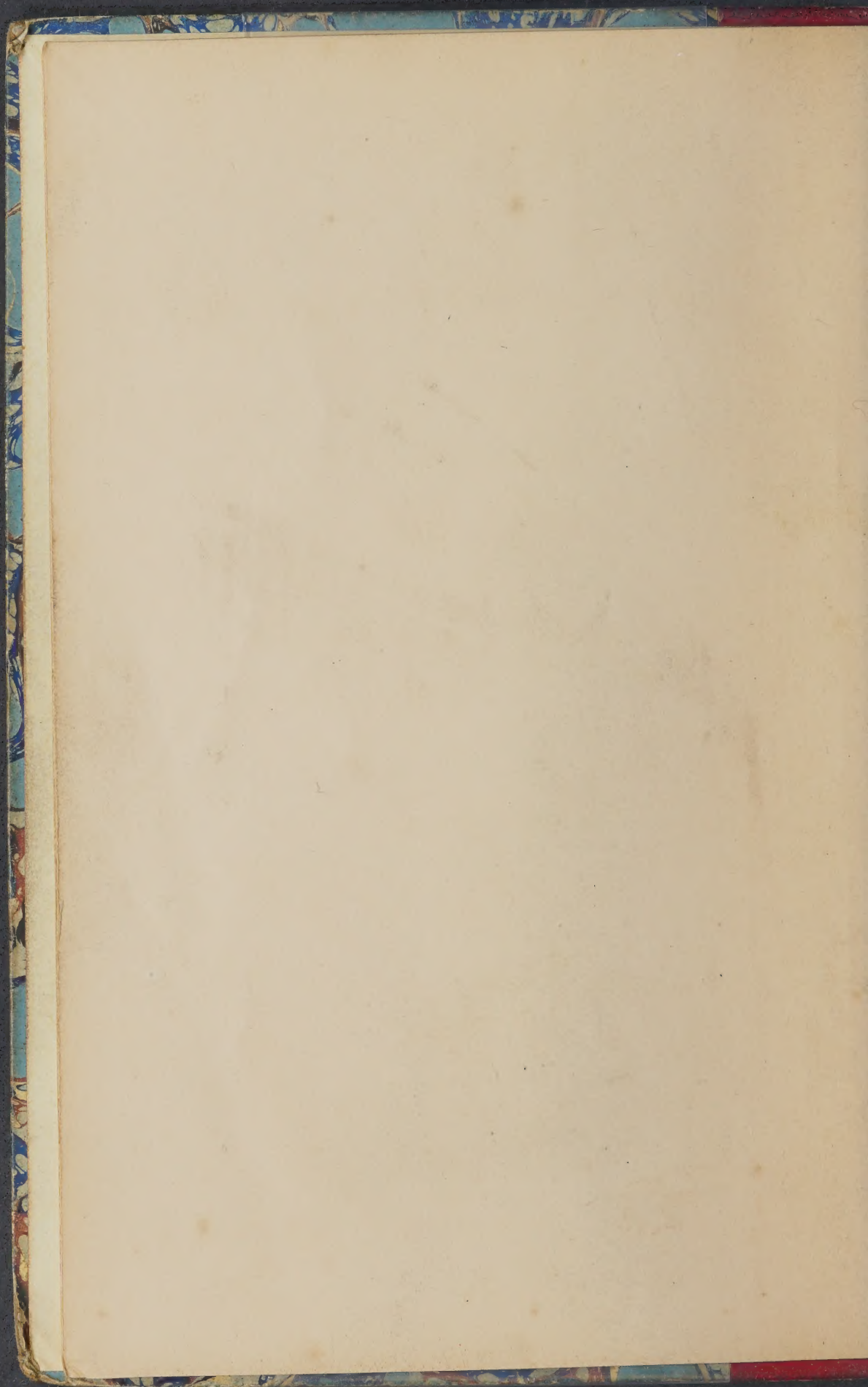
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THE  
Mad Pranks and Merry Jests  
OF  
ROBIN GOODFELLOW:

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Reprinted from the Edition of 1628.

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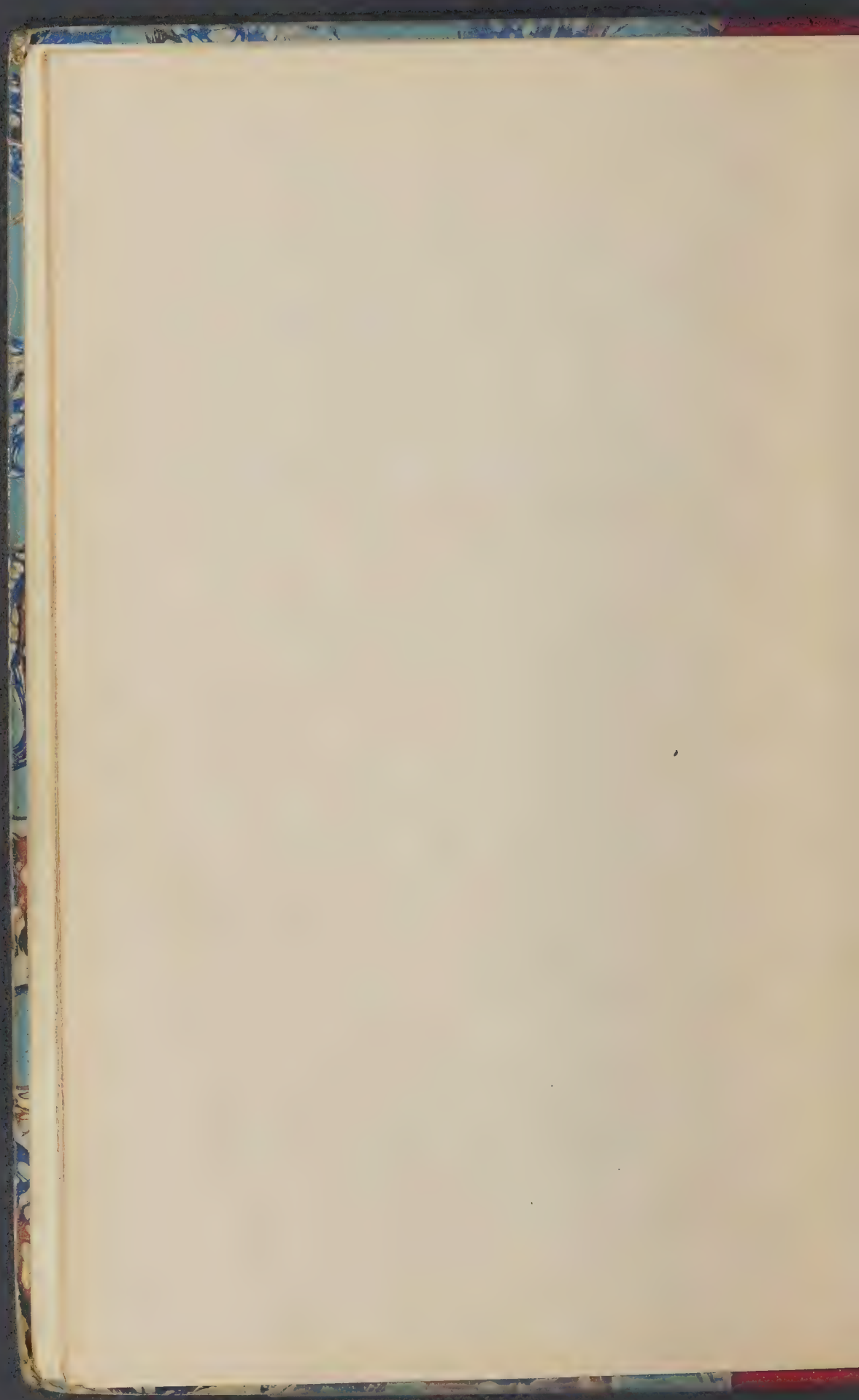
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

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LONDON:  
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,  
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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MDCCCXLI.





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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following republication is made from the oldest known edition of the tract: the original is in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, M.P., who, with the liberality which ought to belong to every possessor of such productions, has permitted it to be reprinted for the use of the members of the Percy Society. No other copy of the impression of 1628 is known, but one of a considerably later date, 1639, is in the hands of a collector: he purchased it at Mr. Heber's sale for a sum very little short of £40; and hence the uninitiated in book-rarities may be able to form some opinion, as to the scarcity and pecuniary value of the earlier edition.

It is one of those extremely popular productions, of which many editions must have appeared at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries; but the very circumstance of their popularity, and the numerous hands through which they passed, necessarily led to the destruction of them. The consequence is, that books of no class are of such uncommon occurrence as those which were addressed to a multi-

plicity of readers. The more frequent the copies originally in circulation, the fewer generally are those which have come down to us.

There is little or no doubt that "Robin Goodfellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jests," was first printed before 1588. Tarlton, the celebrated comic actor, died late in that year, and just after his decease (as is abundantly established by internal evidence, though the work has no date) came out in a tract called "Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, &c. Published by an old Companion of his, Robin Goodfellow;" and on sign. A 3 we find it asserted that Robin Goodfellow was "famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye prankes," as if at that time the incidents detailed in the succeeding pages were well known, and had been frequently related. Four years earlier Robin Goodfellow had been mentioned by Anthony Munday in his comedy of "The Two Italian Gentlemen," printed in 1584, and there his other familiar name of Hob-goblin is also assigned to him. (Vide Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, iii. 241.) Again, we find him introduced into a very rare anonymous collection of epigrams and satires, published in 1598, under the title of "Skialtheia, or a Shadowe of Truth," where the property of interminable change, bestowed upon him by his fairy-

father, Oberon, or Obreon, (as related on p. 9 and 10 of our reprint) is attributed to him :

“No ; let's esteeme Opinion as she is,  
Foole's bawble, innovation's mistris,  
*The Proteus, Robin-good-fellow of change,*” &c.  
Sat. VI. sign. d, 8b.

In the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 35, Mr. Wright published a very amusing essay on fairy mythology, in which he traced Robin Good-fellow from the thirteenth century, if not earlier ; but our object has been merely to establish the antiquity of the production, consisting of two parts, which we here present to the members of the Percy Society.

Shakespeare's “Midsummer Night's Dream,” in which Robin Good-fellow figures under the name of Puck (although his other designations are all given) was first printed in 1600, and probably it was not acted much before that year : at whatever date it was brought out, it is evident that Shakespeare was acquainted with the tract entitled “Robin Good-fellow his mad Prankes and merry Jests.” As might be supposed, it will be found to contain some amusing and interesting illustrations of Shakespeare's drama.

There are two entries in Henslowe's Diary, not noticed by Malone, which are curious in relation to this subject. They establish that Henry



Chettle was writing, and perhaps wrote, a play upon the story of Robin Goodfellow, in September 1602, two years after "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been published. They run thus :

|                                                      |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| "Lent unto harey Chettell the 7 of Septmbr 1602,     | } | s |
| at the apoyntment, to lend in earenest of a tragedie |   |   |
| called Robin hoodfellowe, some of                    |   | x |
| "Lent unto harey chettell the 9 of Septembr 1602     | } | s |
| in pt of payment of a playe called Robingoodfellowe, |   |   |
| some of                                              |   | x |

In the first entry, which is confusedly worded, "tragedie" has been struck out, and no other word substituted for it; but in the second entry "playe" was interlined, "tragedie" having been erased. It seems pretty evident that Henslowe had in his mind some confused notion of a connexion between Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow, but it must have been purely accidental on his part: whether there were really any such connexion may form a curious point for speculation.

An account of "Robin Good-fellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jests" is inserted in the Catalogue of some of the rare English works preserved at Bridgewater House, which was prepared, and privately printed, by direction of Lord Francis Egerton, in 1837.

With the ballad in Percy's "Reliques" (iii. 254, Edit. 1812) entitled "The merry Prankes of Robin Goodfellow," no doubt most of our

readers are well acquainted; but another production of a similar description will, we apprehend, be new to them. It is a *unique* black-letter history in verse, printed early in the seventeenth century as a chap-book. It was originally illustrated by a wood-cut upon the title-page, (repeated in the body of the ballad) not of the most decent description, and this circumstance led to the tearing away of nearly the whole of it: with the wood-cut, part of the letter-press has unfortunately disappeared. The vacancies thus occasioned were supplied by conjecture, and twenty-five copies of it were struck off by the Editor, some years ago, merely for distribution among his friends. As it is not only connected in subject, but evidently founded upon "Robin Good-fellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jests," we do not hesitate to subjoin it at length. The small portions added, for the purpose of completing the deficient text, are inserted between brackets.

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THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW:  
VERY PLEASANT AND WITTY.

CHAPTER I.

Shewing his birth, and whose sonne he was.

HERE doe begin the merry iests  
of Robin Good-fellow:

I'de wish you for to reade this booke,  
 if you his Pranks would know.  
 But first I will declare his birth,  
 and what his Mother was,  
 And then how Robin merrily  
 did bring his knacks to passe.

In time of old, when Fayries us'd  
 to wander in the night,  
 And through key-holes swiftly glide,  
 Now marke my story right,  
 Among these pretty fairy Elves  
 Was Oberon, their King,  
 Who us'd to keepe them company  
 still at their revelling.

And sundry houses they did use,  
 but one, above the rest,  
 Wherein a comely Lasse did dwell  
 that pleas'd King Oberon best.  
 This lovely Damsell, neat and faire,  
 so courteous, meek, and mild,  
 As sayes my booke, by Oberon  
 she was begot with child.

She knew not who the Father was ;  
 but thus to all would say—  
 In night time he to her still came,  
 and went away ere day.  
 The midwife having better skill  
 than had this new made mother,  
 Quoth she, surely some Fairy 'twas,  
 for it can be no other.

And so the old wife rightly judg'd,  
 For it was so indeed.  
 This Fairy shew'd himself most kind,  
 and helpt his love at need ;



For store of linnen he provides,  
 and brings her for her baby,  
 With dainty cates and choised fare,  
 he serv'd her like a Lady.

The Christening time then being [come,  
 most merry they [did pass ;  
 The Gossips dra[ined a cheerful cup  
 as then provided was.  
 And Robin was [the infant call'd,  
 so named the [Gossips by :  
 What pranks [he played both day and night  
 I'll tell you cer[tainly.

---

## CHAPTER II.

Shewing how Robin Good-fellow carried himselfe, and how he run  
 away from his Mother.

[WHILE yet he was a little la]d  
 [and of a tender age,]  
 He us'd much waggish tricks to men,  
 as they at him would rage.  
 Unto his Mother they complain'd,  
 which grieved her to heare,  
 And for these Pranks she threatned him  
 he should have whipping cheare,

If that he did not leave his tricks,  
 his jeering mocks and mowes :  
 Quoth she, thou vile untutor'd youth,  
 these Prankes no breeding shewes :  
 I cannot to the market goe,  
 but ere I backe returne,  
 Thou scofst my neighbours in such sort,  
 which makes my heart to mourne.

But I will make you to repent  
 these things ere I have done :  
 I will no favour have on thee,  
 although thou beest my sonne.  
 Robin was griev'd to heare these words,  
 which she to him did say,  
 But to prevent his punishment,  
 from her he run away.

And travelling long upon the way,  
 his hunger being great,  
 Unto a Taylor's house he came,  
 and did entreat some meat :  
 The Taylor tooke compassion then  
 upon this pretty youth,  
 And tooke him for his Prentice straight,  
 as I have heard in truth.

---

### CHAPTER III.

How Robin Good-fellow left his Master, and also how Oberon told him  
 he should be turned into what shape he could wish or desire.

Now Robin Good-fellow, being plac't  
 with a Taylor, as you heare,  
 He grew a workman in short space,  
 so well he ply'd his geare.  
 He had a gowne which must be made,  
 even with all haste and speed ;  
 The Maid must have 't against next day  
 to be her wedding weed.

The Taylor he did labour hard  
 till twelve a clock at night ;  
 Betweene him and his servant then  
 they finished aright

The gowne, but putting on the sleeves :  
 quoth he unto his man,  
 I'll goe to bed : whip on the sleeves  
 as fast as ere you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gowne  
 and hangs it on a pin,  
 Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne ;  
 till day he nere did lin.  
 His Master rising in the morne,  
 and seeing what he did,  
 Begun to chide ; quoth Robin then,  
 I doe as I was bid.

His Master then the gowne did take  
 and to his worke did fall :  
 By that time he had done the same  
 the Maid for it did call.  
 Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes  
 and fetch the remnants hither,  
 That yesterday we left, said he,  
 wee'll breake our fasts together.

Then Robin hies him up the staires  
 and brings the remnants downe,  
 Which he did know his Master sav'd  
 out of the woman's gowne.  
 The Taylor he was vext at this ;  
 he meant remnants of meat,  
 That this good woman, ere she went,  
 might there her breakfast eate.

Quoth she, this is a breakfast good  
 I tell you, friend, indeed ;  
 And to requite your love I will  
 send for some drinke with speed :



And Robin he must goe for it  
 with all the speed he may :  
 He takes the pot and money too,  
 and runnes from thence away.

When he had wandred all the day,  
 a good way from the Towne,  
 Unto a forest then he came :  
 to sleepe he laid him downe.  
 Then Oberon came, with all his Elves,  
 and danc'd about his sonne,  
 With musick pleasing to the eare ;  
 and, when that it was done,

King Oberon layes a scroule by him,  
 that he might understand  
 Whose sonne he was, and how hee'd grant  
 whate'er he did demand :  
 To any forme that he did please  
 himselfe he would translate ;  
 And how one day hee'd send for him  
 to see his fairy State.

Then Robin longs to know the truth  
 of this mysterious skill,  
 And turnes himselfe into what shape  
 he thinks upon or will.  
 Sometimes a neighing horse was he,  
 sometimes a gruntling hog,  
 Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,  
 sometimes a snarling dog.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

How Robin Good-fellow was merry at the Bridehouse.

Now Robin having got this art,  
    he oft would make good sport,  
And hearing of a wedding day,  
    he makes him ready for't.  
Most like a joviall Fidler then  
    he drest himselfe most gay,  
And goes unto the wedding house,  
    there on his crowd to play.

He welcome was unto this feast,  
    and merry they were all ;  
He play'd and sung sweet songs all day,  
    at night to sports did fall.  
He first did put the candles out,  
    and being in the dark,  
Some would he strike and some would pinch,  
    and then sing like a lark.

The candles being light againe,  
    and things well and quiet,  
A goodly posset was brought in  
    to mend their former diet.  
Then Robin for to have the same  
    did turne him to a Beare :  
Straight at that sight the people all  
    did run away for feare.

Then Robin did the posset eate,  
    and having serv'd them so,  
Away goes Robin with all haste,  
    then laughing hoe, hoe, hoe !

---

## CHAPTER V.

Declaring how Robin Good-fellow serv'd an old lecherous man.

THERE was an old man had a Neece,  
a very beauteous maid ;  
To wicked lust her Unkle sought  
This faire one to perswade.

But she a young man lov'd too deare  
to give consent thereto ;  
'Twas Robin's chance upon a time  
to heare their grievous woe ;  
Content your selfe, then Robin saies,  
and I will ease your grieve,  
I have found out an excellent way  
that will yeeld you reliefe.

He sends them to be married straight,  
and he, in her disguise,  
Hies home with all the speed he may  
to blind her Uncle's eyes :  
And there he plyes his work amaine,  
doing more in one houre,  
Such was his skill and workmanship,  
than she could doe in foure.

The old man wondred for to see  
the worke goe on so fast,  
And there withall more worke doth he  
unto good Robin cast.  
Then Robin said to his old man,  
good Uncle, if you please  
To grant me but one ten pound  
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.

Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,  
sweet Neece, with all my heart,



So thou wilt grant to me thy love,  
 to ease my troubled heart.  
 Then let me a writing have, quoth he,  
 from your owne hand with speed,  
 That I may marry my sweet-heart  
 when I have done this deed.

The old man he did give consent  
 that he these things should have,  
 Thinking that it had bin his Neece  
 that did this bargain crave ;  
 And unto Robin then quoth he,  
 my gentle N[eece, behold,  
 Goe thou into [thy chamber soone,  
 and I'll goe [bring the gold.

When he into [the chamber came,  
 thinking in[deed to play,  
 Straight Robin [upon him doth fall,  
 and carries h[im away  
 Into the chamb[er where the two  
 faire Lovers [did abide,  
 And gives to th[em their Unkle old,  
 I, and the g[old beside.

The old man [vainly Robin sought,  
 so man[ly shapes he tries ;  
 Someti[m]es he was a hare or hound,  
 som[etimes like bird he flies.  
 The [more he strove the less he sped,  
 th[e Lovers all did see ;  
 And [thus did Robin favour them  
 full [kind and merrilie.

[Thus Robin lived a merry life  
 as any could enjoy,  
 'Mongst country farms he did resort  
 and oft would folks annoy :]

But if the maids doe call to him,  
 he still away will goe  
 In knavish sort, and to himselfe  
 he'd laugh out hoe, hoe, hoe !

He oft would beg and crave an almes,  
 but take nought that they'd give:  
 In severall shapes he'd gull the world,  
 thus madly did he live.  
 Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,  
 sometimes a souldier brave:  
 Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;  
 brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seeme to be,  
 sometimes a skipping frog;  
 Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,  
 to leape ore mire or bog:  
 Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,  
 and travellers call astray,  
 Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,  
 and lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin Good-fellow,  
 Hob goblin, or mad Crisp,  
 And some againe doe tearme him oft  
 by name of Will the Wispe;  
 But call him by what name you list,  
 I have studied on my pillow,  
 I think the best name he deserves  
 is Robin the Good Fellow.

At last upon a summer's night  
 King Oberon found him out,  
 And with his Elves in dancing wise  
 straight circled him about.

The Fairies danc't, and little Tom Thumb  
 on his bag-pipe did play,  
 And thus they danc't their fairy round  
 till almost break of day.

Then Phebus he most gloriously  
 begins to grace the aire,  
 When Oberon with his fairy traine  
 begins to make repaire,  
 With speed unto the Fairy land,  
 they swiftly tooke their way,  
 And I out of my dreame awak't,  
 and so 'twas perfect day.

Thus having told my dreame at full  
 I'll bid you all farewell.  
 If you applaud mad Robin's pranks,  
 may be ere long I'll tell  
 Some other stories to your eares,  
 which shall contentment give :  
 To gaine your favours I will seeke  
 The longest day I live.

FINIS.

---

It will be seen that the father of Robin Good-fellow in the foregoing history is called Oberon, whereas in the succeeding tract he is named Obreon. R. Greene, in his "James the Fourth," 1598, gives the "King of Fayeries" the appellation of Oboram ; but he had been Auberon in an Entertainment before Elizabeth in 1591, which comes



very near to Shakespeare's Oberon, the name which the ballad-writer, not long after him, adopted.

It is only necessary to subjoin, that the tract belonging to Lord Francis Egerton has two coarse (in every sense of the word) wood-cuts, one upon the title-page of "the first part," and the other upon the title-page of "the second part." The first represents Robin Good-fellow like a satyr, with horns on his head, a broom on his shoulder, and a torch in his hand, dancing in a ring of pigmies, while Tom Thumb performs on his pipe in the right-hand corner, and a black cat sits on its haunches in the left-hand corner. The second wood-cut was merely inserted to fill up the title-page: it represents a wild huntsman, with his horn and spear, and is to be found at the top of several ballads printed early and late in the seventeenth century.

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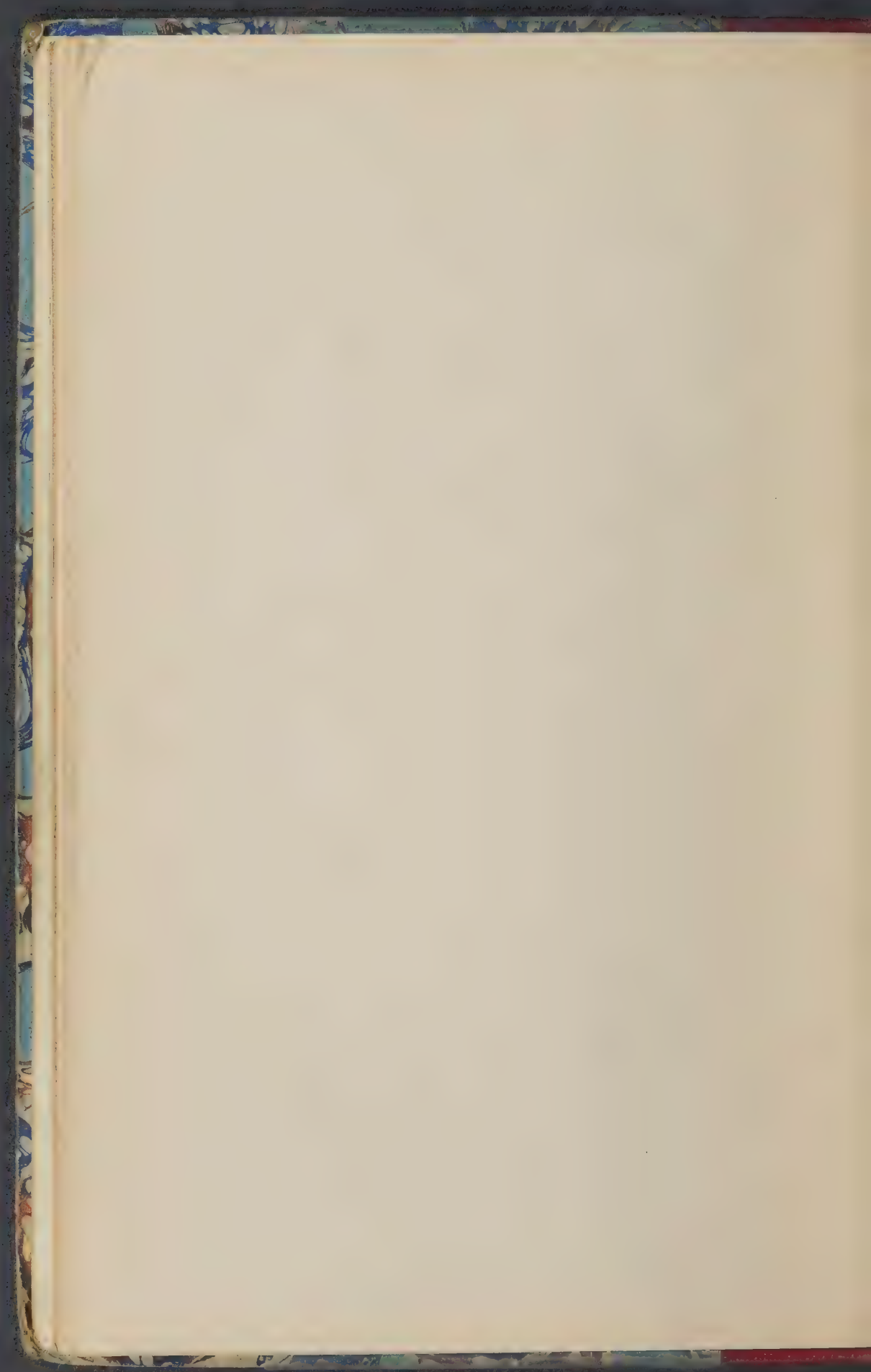
ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW;  
HIS MAD PRANKES, AND  
MERRY JESTS.

FULL OF HONEST MIRTH, AND IS A FIT  
MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY.

---

*LONDON,*  
PRINTED FOR F. GROVE, DWELLING ON  
SNOW-HILL OVER AGAINST THE  
SARASENS HEAD.

1628.





## ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW; HIS MADE PRANKS, AND MERRY JESTS.

---

Not omitting that antient forme of beginning tales, *Once upon a time* it was my chance to travaile into that noble county of Kent. The weather beeing wet, and my two-leg'd horse being almost tyred (for indeede my owne leggs were all the supporters that my body had) I went dropping into an alehouse: there found I, first a kinde wellcome, next good lyquor, then kinde strangers (which made good company), then an honest hoast, whose love to good liquor was written in red characters both in his nose, cheekes and forehead: an hoastesse I found there too, a woman of very good carriage; and though she had not so much colour (for what she had done) as her rich husband had, yet all beholders might perceive by the roundness of her belly, that she was able to draw a pot dry at a draught, and ne're unlace for the matter.

Well, to the fire I went, where I dried my outside and wet my inside. The ale being good, and I in good company, I lapt in so much of this nappy liquor, that it begot in mee a boldnesse to talke, and desire of them to know what was the reason that the people of that country were called Long-tayles. The hoast sayd, all the reason

that ever he could heare was, because the people of that country formerly did use to goe in side skirted coates. There is (sayd an old man that sat by) another reason that I have heard: that is this. In the time of the Saxons conquest of England there were divers of our countrymen slaine by treachery, which made those that survived more carefull in dealing with their enemies, as you shall heare.

After many overthrowes that our countrymen had received by the Saxons, they dispersed themselves into divers companies into the woods, and so did much damage by their suddaine assaults to the Saxons, that Hengist, their king, hearing the damage that they did (and not knowing how to subdue them by force), used this policy. Hee sent to a company of them, and gave them his word for their liberty and safe returne, if they would come unarmed and speake with him. This they seemed to grant unto, but for their more security (knowing how little hee esteemed oathes or promises) they went every one of them armed with a shorte sword, hanging just behind under their garments, so that the Saxons thought not of any weapons they had: but it proved otherwise; for when Hengist his men (that were placed to cut them off) fell all upon them, they found such unlooked a resistance, that most of the Saxons were slaine, and they that escaped, wond'ring how they could doe that hurt, having no weapons (as they saw), reported that they stricke downe men like lyons with their tayles; and so they ever after were called Kentish Long-tayles.

I told him this was strange, if true, and that their countries honor bound them more to beleeeve in this, then it did me.

Truly, sir, sayd my hoastesse, I thinke we are called Long-tayles, by reason our tales are long, that we use to passe the time withall, and make our selves merry. Now, good hoastesse, sayd I, let me entreat from you one of those tales. You shall (sayd shee), and that shall not be a common one neither, for it is a long tale, a merry tale, and a sweete tale; and thus it beginnes.

---

THE HOASTESSE TALE OF THE BIRTH OF ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW.

ONCE upon a time, a great while agoe, when men did eate more and drinke lesse,—then men were more honest, that knew no knavery then some now are, that confesse the knowledge and deny the practise—about that time (when so ere it was) there was wont to walke many harmlesse spirits called fayries, dancing in brave order in fayry rings on greene hills with sweete musicke (sometime invisible) in divers shapes: many mad pranks would they play, as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill-ordered houses; but lovingly would they use wenches that cleantly were, giving them silver and other pretty toyes, which they would leave for them, sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bright basons and other cleane vessels.



Amongst these fayries was there a hee fayrie : whether he was their king or no I know not, but surely he had great government and commaund in that country, as you shall heare. This same hee fayry did love a proper young wench, for every night would hee with other fayries come to the house, and there dance in her chamber; and oftentimes shee was forced to dance with him, and at his departure would hee leave her silver and jewels, to expresse his love unto her. At last this mayde was with childe, and being asked who was the father of it, she answered a man that nightly came to visit her, but earely in the morning he would go his way, whither she knew not, he went so suddainly.

Many old women, that then had more wit than those that are now living and have lesse, sayd that a fayry had gotten her with childe; and they bid her be of good comfort, for the childe must needes be fortunate that had so noble a father as a fayry was, and should worke many strange wonders. To be short, her time grew on, and she was delivered of a man childe, who (it should seeme) so rejoyced his father's heart, that every night his mother was supplied with necessary things that are befitting a woman in child-birth, so that in no meane manner neither; for there had shee rich imbroidered cushions, stooles, carpits, coverlets, delicate linnen: then for meate shee had capons, chickens, mutton, lambe, phesant, snite, woodcocke, partridge, quaille. The gossips liked this fare so well, that she never wanted company: wine had shee of all sorts, as muskadine, sacke, malmsie, clarret, white

and bastard: this pleased her neighbours well; so that few that came to see her, but they had home with them a medicine for the fleaes. Sweet meates too had they in such abundance, that some of their teeth are rotten to this day; and for musicke shee wanted not, or any other thing she desired.

All praysed this honest fayry for his care, and the childe for his beauty, and the mother for a happy woman. In briefe, christened hee was, at the which all this good cheare was doubled, which made most of the women so wise, that they forgot to make themselves unready, and so lay in their cloathes; and none of them next day could remember the child's name, but the clarke, and hee may thanke his booke for it, or else it had been utterly lost. So much for the birth of little Robin.

---

OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOWE'S BEHAVIOUR WHEN HE  
WAS YOUNG.

WHEN Robin was growne to sixe yeares of age, hee was so knavish that all the neighbours did complaine of him; for no sooner was his mother's backe turned, but hee was in one knavish action or other, so that his mother was constrayned (to avoyde the complaints) to take him with her to market, or wheresoever shee went or rid. But this helped little or nothing, for if hee rid before her, then would he make mouthes and ill-favoured faces at those hee met: if hee rid behind her, then would hee clap his hand on his tayle; so that his

mother was weary of the many complaints that came against him, yet knew she not how to beat him justly for it, because she never saw him doe that which was worthy blowes. The complaints were daily so renewed that his mother promised him a whipping. Robin did not like that cheere, and therefore, to avoyde it, hee ranne away, and left his mother a heavy woman for him.

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW DWELT WITH A TAYLOR.

AFTER that Robin Good-fellow had gone a great way from his mother's house hee began to bee a hungry, and going to a taylor's house, hee asked something for God's sake. The taylor gave him meate, and understanding that he was masterlesse, hee tooke him for his man, and Robin so plyed his worke that he got his master's love.

On a time his master had a gowne to make for a woman, and it was to bee done that night: they both sate up late so that they had done all but setting on the sleeves by twelve a clocke. This master then being sleepy sayd, Robin whip thou on the sleeves, and then come thou to bed: I will goe to bed before. I will, sayd Robin. So, soone as his master was gone, Robin hung up the gowne, and taking both sleeves in his handes, hee whipt and lashed them on the gowne. So stood he till the morning that his master came downe: his master seeing him stand in that fashion, asked him what he did? Why, quoth hee, as you bid mee, whip on the sleeves. Thou rogue, sayd his master, I did meane that



thou shouldest have set them on quickly and slightly. I would you had sayd so, sayd Robin, for then had I not lost all this sleepe. To bee shorte, his master was faine to do the worke, but ere hee had made an end of it, the woman came for it, and with a loud voyce chafed for her gowne. The taylor, thinking to please her, bid Robin fetch the remnants that they left yesterday (meaning thereby meate that was left); but Robin, to crosse his master the more, brought downe the remnants of the cloath that was left of the gowne. At the sight of this, his master looked pale, but the woman was glad, saying, I like this breakefast so well, that I will give you a pint of wine to it. She sent Robin for the wine, but he never returned againe to his master.

---

WHAT HAPNED TO ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW AFTER HE  
WENT FROM THE TAYLOR.

AFTER Robin had travailed a good dayes journey from his masters house hee sate downe, and beeing weary hee fell a sleepe. No sooner had slumber tooke full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall hee heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greeke fidler (had hee beene alive), compared to one of these had beene as infamous as a Welch-harper that playes for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end

sooner then hee would willingly they should have done; and for very grieve he awaked, and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin, my only sonne and heire,  
How to live take thou no care:  
By nature thou hast cunning shifts,  
Which Ile increase with other gifts.  
Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have;  
And for to vex both foole and knave,  
Thou hast the power to change thy shape,  
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.  
Transformed thus, by any meanes  
Seen none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes;  
But love thou those that honest be,  
And helpe them in necessity.  
Doe thus, and all the world shall know  
The pranks of Robin Good-fellow;  
For by that name thou cald shalt be  
To ages last posterity.  
If thou observe my just command,  
One day thou shalt see Fayry Land.  
This more I give: who tels thy pranks  
From those that heare them shall have thankes.

Robin having read this was very joyfull, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not, and to try it hee wished for some meate: presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine: he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable

at racke and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so: then a tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever.

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW SERVED A  
CLOWNISH FELLOW.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW going over a field met with a clownish fellow, to whom he spake in this manner: Friend (quoth he) what is a clocke? A thing (answered the clowne) that shewes the time of the day. Why then (sayd Robin Good-fellow) bee thou a clocke, and tell me what time of the day it is. I owe thee not so much service (answered hee againe), but because thou shalt thinke thy selfe beholding to mee, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time.

These crosse answers vext Robin Good-fellow, so that in himselfe hee vowed to be revenged of him, which he did in this manner.

Robin Good-fellow turned himselfe into a bird, and followed this fellow, who was going into a field a little from that place to catch a horse that was at grasse. The horse being wilde ran over dike and hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose, for the horse was too swift for him. Robin was glad of this occasion, for now or never was the time to put his revenge in action.



Presently Robin shaped himselfe like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow: presently the fellow tooke hold of him and got on his backe, but long had he not rid, but with a stumble he hurld this churlish clowne to the ground, that he almost broke his necke; yet tooke he not this for a sufficient revenge for the crosse answers he had received, but stood still and let the fellow mount him once more.

In the way the fellow was to ride was a great plash of water of a good depth: thorow this must he of necessity ride. No sooner was hee in the midst of it, but Robin Good-fellow left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his leggs, and in the shape of a fish swomme to the shore, and ran away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* leaving the poore fellow almost drowned.

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW HELPED TWO LOVERS  
AND DECEIVED AN OLD MAN.

ROBIN going by a woode heard two lovers make great lamentation, because they were hindred from injoying each other by a cruell old leacher, who would not suffer this loving couple to marry. Robin, pittying them, went to them and sayd: I have heard your complaints, and do pitty you: be ruled by me, and I will see that you shall have both your hearts content, and that suddainly if you please. After some amazement the maiden sayd, Alas! sir, how can that be? my uncle, because I will not grant to his lust, is so

streight over me, and so oppresseth me with worke night and day, that I have not so much time as to drinke or speake with this young man, whom I love above all men living. If your worke bee all that hindreth you (sayd Robin), I will see that done: aske mee not how, nor make any doubt of the performance; I will doe it. Go you with your love: for 24 houres I will free you. In that time marry or doe what you will. If you refuse my proffered kindnesse never looke to enjoy your wished for happinesse. I love true lovers, honest men, good fellowes, good huswives, good meate, good drinke, and all things that good is, but nothing that is ill; for my name is Robin Good-fellow, and that you shall see that I have power to performe what I have undertooke, see what I can do. Presently he turned himselfe into a horse, and away he ran: at the sight of which they were both amazed, but better considering with themselves, they both determined to make good use of their time, and presently they went to an old fryer, who presently married them. They payd him, and went their way. Where they supped and lay, I know not, but surely they liked their lodging well the next day.

Robin, when that he came neare the old man's house, turned himselfe into the shape of the young maide, and entred the house, where, after much chiding, he fell to the worke that the mayde had to do, which hee did in halfe the time that another could do it in. The old man, seeing the speede he made, thought that she had some meeting that night (for

he tooke Robin Good-fellow for his neece): therefore he gave him order for other worke, that was too much for any one to do in one night: Robin did that in a trise, and playd many mad pranks beside ere the day appeared.

In the morning hee went to the two lovers to their bed-side, and bid God give them joy, and told them all things went well, and that ere night he would bring them 10 pounds of her uncles to beginne the world with. They both thanked him, which was all the requital that he looked for, and beeing therewith well contented hee went his way laughing.

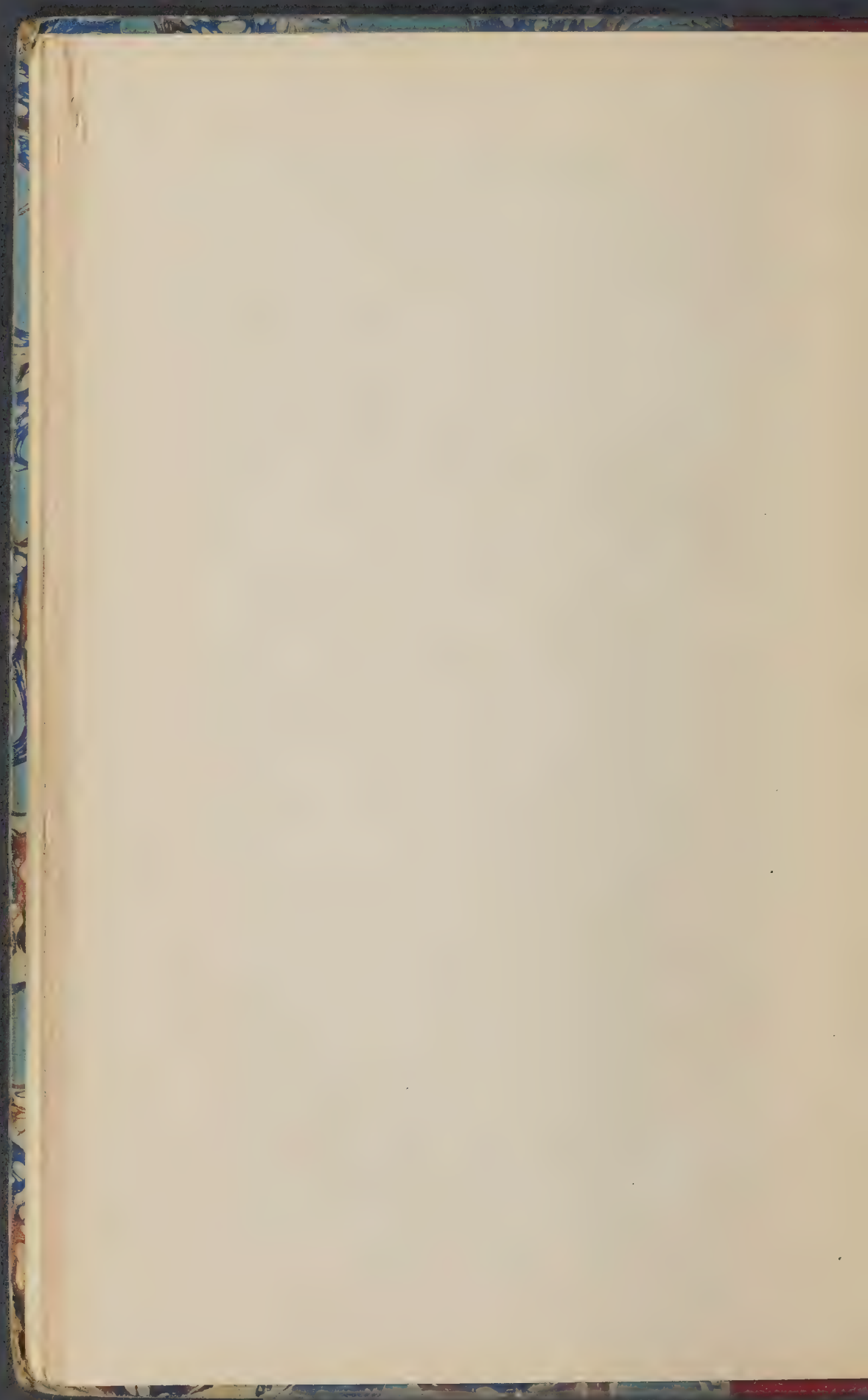
Home went he to the old man, who then was by, and marveled how the worke was done so soone. Robin, seeing that, sayd: Sir, I pray marvaile not, for a greater wonder then that this night hath hap-pened to me. Good neece, what is that? (sayd the old man) This, Sir; but I shame to speake it, yet I will: weary with worke, I slept, and did dreame that I consented to that which you have so often desired of me (you know what it is I meane), and me thought you gave me as a reward 10 pounds, with your consent to marry that young man that I have loved so long. Diddest thou dreame so? thy dreame I will make good, for under my hand wrighting I give my free consent to marry him, or whom thou doest please to marry (and withall writ) and for the 10 pounds, goe but into the out barne, and I will bring it thee presently. How sayst thou (sayd the old leacher), wilt thou? Robin with silence did seeme to grant, and



went toward the barne. The old man made haste, told out his money, and followed.

Being come thither, he hurled the money on the ground, saying, This is the most pleasing bargaine that ever I made; and going to embrace Robin, Robin tooke him up in his armes and carried him foorth; first drew him thorow a pond to coole his hot blood, then did he carry him where the young married couple were, and said, Here is your uncle's consent under his hand; then, here is the 10 pounds he gave you and there is your uncle : let him deny it if hee can.

The old man, for feare of worse usage, said all was true. Then am I as good as my word, said Robin, and so went away laughing. The old man knew himselfe duly punished, and turned his hatred into love, and thought afterward as well of them, as if shee had beene his owne. The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Good-fellow (or otherwise called Hob-goblin) and his companions, by turning himselfe into divers sundry shapes.



THE SECOND PART  
OF  
ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW,

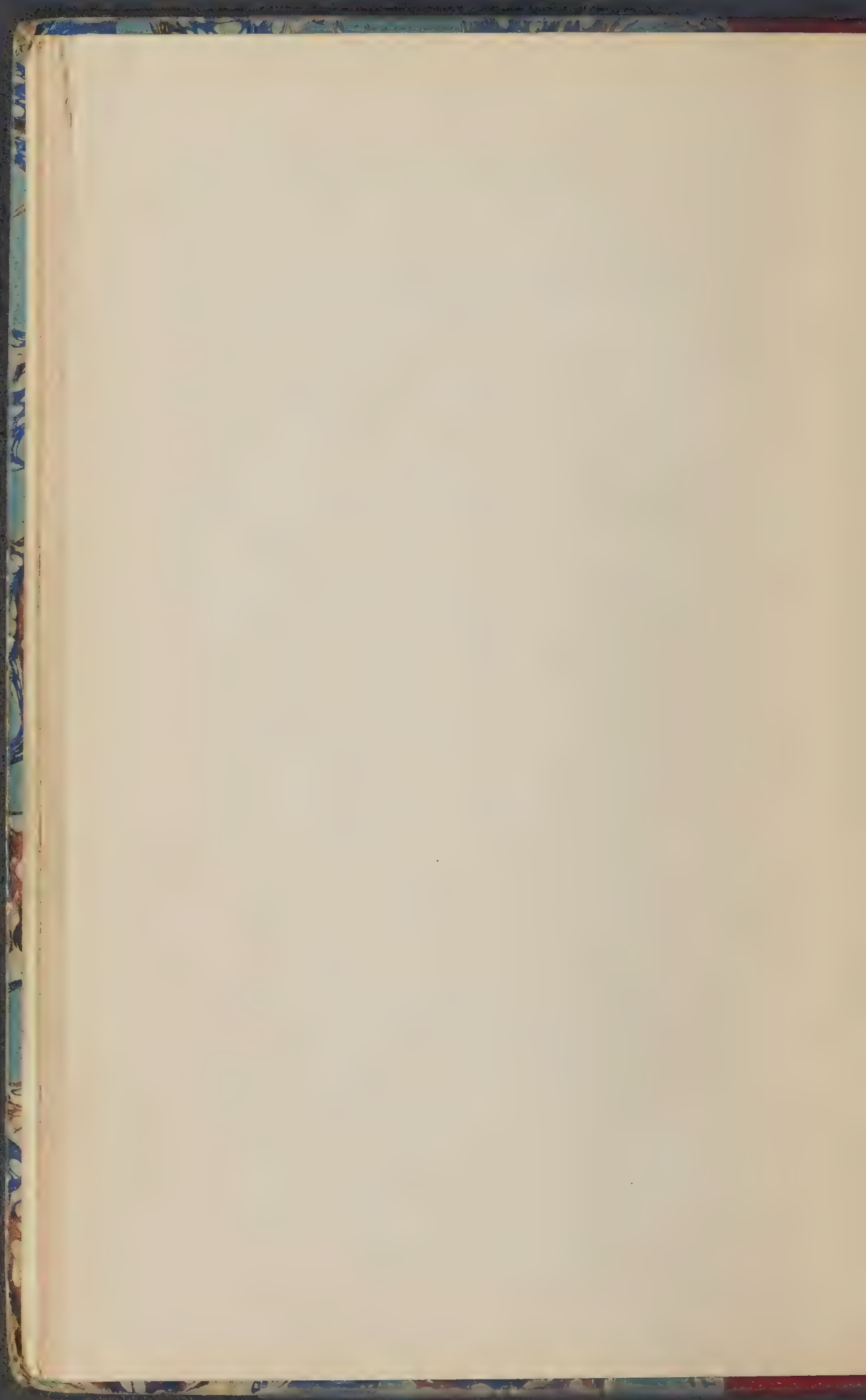
COMMONLY CALLED HOB-GOBLIN: WITH  
HIS MAD PRANKES, AND  
MERRY JESTS.

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*LONDON,*  
PRINTED FOR F. GROVE, DWELLING ON  
SNOW-HILL OVER AGAINST THE  
SARAZENS HEAD.

1628.





## THE SECOND PART OF ROBIN GOOD- FELLOW, COMMONLY CALLED HOB-GOBLIN.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW HELPED A MAYDE TO WORKE.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW oftentimes would in the night visite farmers houses, and helpe the maydes to breake hempe, to bowlt, to dresse flaxe, and to spin and do other workes, for hee was excellent in every thing. One night hee comes to a farmers house, where there was a goode handsome mayde: this mayde having much worke to do, Robin one night did helpe her, and in sixe houres did bowlt more than she could have done in twelve houres. The mayde wondred the next day how her worke came, and to know the doer, shee watched the next night that did follow. About twelve of the clocke in came Robin, and fell to breaking of hempe, and for to delight himselfe he sung this mad song.

And can the physitian make sicke men well?  
And can the magician a fortune devine?  
Without lilly, germander and sops in wine?  
With sweet-bryer  
And bon-fire,  
And straw-berry wyer,  
And collumbine.

Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,  
With hither and thither, as straight as a line,  
With lilly, germander and sops in wine.

With sweet-bryer,  
And bon-fire,  
And straw-berry wyer,  
And collumbine.

When Saturne did live, there lived no poore,  
The king and the beggar with rootes did dine,  
With lilly, germander, and sops in wine.

With sweet-bryer,  
And bon-fire,  
And straw-berry wyer,  
And collumbine.

The mayde, seeing him bare in clothes, pittied him,  
and against the next night provided him a wast-coate.  
Robin comming the next night to worke, as he did  
before, espied the wast-coate, whereat he started and  
said:—

Because thou lay'st me himpen, hampen,  
I will neither bolt nor stampen:  
'Tis not your garments new or old  
That Robin loves: I feele no cold.  
Had you left me milke or creame,  
You should have had a pleasing dreame:  
Because you left no drop or crum,  
Robin never more will come.

So went hee away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* The mayde  
was much grieved and discontented at his anger: for  
ever after she was faine to do her worke herselfe with-  
out the helpe of Robin Good-fellow.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW LED A COMPANY OF  
FELLOWES OUT OF THEIR WAY.

A COMPANY of young men having beene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their comming home to come over a heath. Robin Good-fellow, knowing of it, met them, and to make some pastime, hee led them up and downe the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it; for hee went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw and followed till the day did appeare: then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words:—

Get you home, you merry lads:  
Tell your mammies and your dads,  
And all those that newes desire,  
How you saw a walking fire.  
Wenches, that doe smile and lispe  
Use to call me Willy Wispe.  
If that you but weary be,  
It is sport alone for me.  
Away: unto your houses goe  
And I'll goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh!*

The fellowes were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that hee would have done them some mischief.

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW SERVED A LEACHEROUS  
GALLANT.

ROBIN alwayes did helpe those that suffered wrong, and never would hurt any but those that did wrong to

others. It was his chance one day to goe thorow a field where he heard one call for helpe: hee, going neere where he heard the cry, saw a lusty gallant that would have forced a young maiden to his lust; but the mayden in no wise would yeelde, which made her cry for helpe. Robin Good-fellow, seeing of this, turned himselfe into the shape of a hare, and so ranne betweene the lustfull gallants legges. This gallant, thinking to have taken him, hee presently turned himselfe into a horse, and so perforce carried away this gallant on his backe. The gentleman cryed out for helpe, for he thought that the devill had bin come to fetch him for his wickednesse; but his crying was in vaine, for Robin did carry him into a thicke hedge, and there left him so prickt and scratched, that hee more desired a playster for his paine, then a wench for his pleasure. Thus the poore mayde was freed from this ruffin, and Robin Good-fellow, to see this gallant so tame, went away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!*

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW TURNED A MISERABLE  
USURER TO A GOOD HOUSE-KEEPER.

IN this country of ours there was a rich man dwelled, who to get wealth together was so sparing that hee could not find in his heart to give his belly foode enough. In the winter hee never would make so much fire as would roast a blacke-pudding, for hee found it more profitable to sit by other means. His apparell was of the fashion that none did weare; for it

was such as did hang at a brokers stall, till it was as weather-beaten as an old signe. This man for his covetousnesse was so hated of all his neighbours, that there was not one that gave him a good word. Robin Good-fellow grieved to see a man of such wealth doe so little good, and therefore practised to better him in this manner.

One night the usurer being in bed, Robin in the shape of a night-raven came to the window, and there did beate with his wings, and croaked in such manner that this old usurer thought hee should have presently dyed for feare. This was but a preparation to what he did intend; for presently after hee appeared before him at his bed's feete, in the shape of a ghost, with a torch in his hand. At the sight of this the old usurer would have risen out of his bed, and have leaped out of the window, but he was stayed by Robin Good-fellow, who spake to him thus.

If thou dost stirre out of thy bed,  
I doo vow to strike thee dead.  
I doe come to doe thee good;  
Recall thy wits and starkled blood.  
The mony which thou up dost store  
In soule and body makes thee poore.  
Doe good with mony while you may;  
Thou hast not long on earth to stay.  
Doe good, I say, or day and night  
I hourelly thus will thee afright.  
Thinke on my words, and so farewell,  
For being bad I live in hell.

Having said thus he vanished away and left this usurer in great terror of mind; and for feare of being

frighted againe with this ghost, hee turned very liberal, and lived amongst his neighbours as an honest man should doe.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW LOVED A WEAVERS WIFE,  
AND HOW THE WEAVER WOULD HAVE  
DROWNED HIM.

ONE day Robin Good-fellow walking thorow the streete found at a doore sitting a pretty woman: this woman was wife to the weaver, and was a winding of quilts for her husband. Robin liked her so well, that for her sake he became servant to her husband, and did daily worke at the loome; but all the kindnesse that hee shewed was but lost, for his mistres would shew him no favour, which made him many times to exclaime against the whole sex in satyricall songs; and one day being at worke he sung this, to the tune of *Rejoyce Bag-pipes*.

Why should my love now waxe  
Unconstant, wavering, fickle, unstayd?  
With nought can she me taxe:  
I ne're recanted what I once said.  
I now doe see, as nature fades,  
And all her workes decay,  
So women all, wives, widdowes, maydes,  
From bad to worse doe stray.

As hearbs, trees, rootes, and plants  
In strength and growth are daily lesse,  
So all things have their wants:  
The heavenly signes moove and digresse;



And honesty in womens hearts  
Hath not her former being:  
Their thoughts are ill, like other parts,  
Nought else in them's agreeing.

I sooner thought thunder  
Had power o're the laurell wreath,  
Then shee, women's wonder,  
Such perjurd thoughts should live to breathe,  
They all hyena-like will weepe,  
When that they would deceive:  
Deceit in them doth lurke and sleepe,  
Which makes me thus to grieve.

Young mans delight, farewell;  
Wine, women, game, pleasure, adieu:  
Content with me shall dwell;  
I'll nothing trust but what is true.  
Though she were false, for her I'll pray;  
Her false-hood made me blest:  
I will renew from this good day  
My life by sinne opprest.

Moved with this song and other complaints of his, shee at last did fancy him, so that the weaver did not like that Robin should bee so saucy with his wife, and therefore gave him warning to be gone, for hee would keepe him no longer. This grieved this loving couple to parte one from the other, which made them to make use of the time that they had. The weaver one day comming in, found them a kissing: at this hee said [nothing] but vowed in himselfe to bee revenged of his man that night following. Night being come, the weaver went to Robin's bed, and tooke him out of it (as hee then thought) and ran apace to the river side to

hurle Robin in ; but the weaver was deceived, for Robin, instead of himselfe, had laid in his bed a sack full of yarne: it was that that the weaver carried to drowne. The weaver standing by the river side said:—Now will I coole your hot blood, Master Robert, and if you cannot swimme the better; you shall sincke and drowne. With that he hurled the sack in, thinking that it had bin Robin Good-fellow. Robin, standing behind him, said :—

For this your kindnesse, master, I you thanke:  
Go swimme yourselfe ; I'll stay upon the banke.

With that Robin pushed him in, and went laughing away, *ho, ho, hoh !*

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW WENT IN THE SHAPE OF A  
FIDLER TO A WEDDING, AND OF THE SPORT  
THAT HE HAD THERE.

On a time there was a great wedding, to which there went many young lusty lads and pretty lasses. Robin Good-fellow longing not to be out of action, shaped himselfe like unto a fidler, and with his crowd under his arme went amongst them, and was a very welcome man. There played hee whilst they danced, and tooke as much delight in seeing them, as they did in hearing him. At dinner he was desired to sing a song, which hee did, to the tune of *Watton Towne's End*.

## THE SONG.

It was a country lad  
That fashions strange would see,  
And he came to a valting schoole,  
Where tumblers use to be:  
He lik't his sport so well,  
That from it he'd not part:  
His doxey to him still did cry,  
Come, busse thine owne sweet heart.

They lik't his gold so well,  
That they were both content,  
That he that night with his sweet heart  
Should passe in merry-ment.  
To bed they then did goe;  
Full well he knew his part,  
Where he with words, and eke with deedes,  
Did busse his owne sweet heart.

Long were they not in bed,  
But one knockt at the doore,  
And said, Up, rise, and let me in:  
This vext both knave and whore.  
He being sore perplext  
From bed did lightly start;  
No longer then could he indure  
To busse his owne sweet heart.

With tender steps he trod,  
To see if he could spye  
The man that did him so molest;  
Which he with heavy eye  
Had soone beheld, and said,  
Alas! my owne sweet heart,  
I now doe doubt, if e're we busse,  
It must be in a cart.

At last the bawd arose,  
And opened the doore,  
And saw Discretion cloth'd in rug,  
Whose office hates a whore.

He mounted up the stayres,  
Being cunning in his arte:  
With little search at last he found  
My youth and his sweete heart.

He having wit at will,  
Unto them both did say,  
I will not heare them speake one word;  
Watchmen, with them away!  
And cause they lov'd so well,  
'Tis pittie they should part.  
Away with them to new Bride-well;  
There busse your own sweet heart.

His will it was fulfild,  
And there they had the law;  
And whilst that they did nimbly spin,  
The hempe he needs must taw.  
He grownd, he thump't, he grew  
So cunning in his arte,  
He learnt the trade of beating hempe  
By bussing his sweet heart.

But yet, he still would say,  
If I could get release  
To see strange fashions I'll give o're,  
And henceforth live in peace,  
The towne where I was bred,  
And thinke by my desert  
To come no more into this place  
For bussing my sweet heart.

They all liked his song very well, and said that the young man had but ill lucke. Thus continued hee playing and singing songs till candle-light: then hee beganne to play his merry trickes in this manner. First, hee put out the candles, and then beeing darke, hee stricke the men good boxes on the eares: they,



thinking it had beene those that did sit next them, fell a fighting one with the other; so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose. At this Robin laughed heartily. The women did not scape him, for the handsomest he kissed; the other he pinched, and made them scratch one the other, as if they had beene cats. Candles being lighted againe, they all were friends, and fell againe to dancing, and after to supper.

Supper beeing ended, a great posset was brought forth: at this Robin Good-fellowes teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that hee could not keepe from it. To attaine to his wish, he did turne himselfe into a beare: both men and women (seeing a beare amongst them) ranne away, and left the whole posset to Robin Good-fellow. He quickly made an end of it, and went away without his money; for the sport hee had was better to him then any money whatsoever. The feare that the guests were in did cause such a smell, that the Bride-groome did call for perfumes; and in stead of a posset, he was faine to make use of cold beere.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW SERVED A TAPSTER FOR  
NICKING HIS POTS.

THERE was a tapster, that with his pots smalnesse, and with frothing of his drinke, had got a good summe of money together. This nicking of the pots he would never leave, yet divers times he had been under

the hand of authority, but what money soever hee had [to pay] for his abuses, hee would be sure (as they all doe) to get it out of the poore mans pot againe. Robin Goodfellow, hating such knavery, put a tricke upon him in this manner.

Robin shaped himselfe like to the tapsters brewer, and came and demaunded twenty pounds which was due to him from the tapster. The tapster, thinking it had beene his brewer, payd him the money, which money Robin gave to the poore of that parish before the tapster's face. The tapster praysed his charity very much, and sayd that God would blesse him the better for such good deedes: so, after they had drank one with the other, they parted.

Some foure dayes after the brewer himselfe came for his money: the tapster told him that it was payd, and that he had a quittance from him to shew. Hereat the brewer did wonder, and desired to see the quittance. The tapster fetched him a writing, which Robin Good-fellow had given him in stead of a quittance, wherein was written as followeth, which the brewer read to him.

I, Robin Good-fellow, true man and honest man, doe acknowledge to have received of Nicke and Froth, the cheating tapster, the summe of twenty pound, which money I have bestowed (to the tapsters content) amongst the poore of the parish, out of whose pockets this aforesayd tapster had picked the aforesaid summe, not after the manner of foisting, but after his excellent skill of bombasting, or a pint for a peny.

If now thou wilt goe hang thy selfe,  
Then take thy apron-strings.

It doth me good when such foule birds  
Upon the gallowes sings.

*Per me* ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

At this the tapster swore Walsingham; but for all his swearing, the brewer made him pay him his twenty pound.

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HOW KING OBREON CALLED ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW  
TO DANCE.

KING OBREON, seeing Robin Good-fellow doe so many honest and merry trickes, called him one night out of his bed with these words, saying :

Robin, my sonne, come quickly, rise:  
First stretch, then yawne, and rub your eyes;  
For thou must goe with me to night,  
To see, and taste of my delight.  
Quickly come, my wanton sonne;  
Twere time our sports were now begunne.

Robin, hearing this, rose and went to him. There were with King Obreon a many fayries, all attyred in greene silke: all these, with King Obreon, did welcome Robin Good-fellow into their company. Obreon tooke Robin by the hand and led him a dance: their musician was little Tom Thumb; for hee had an excellent bag-pipe made of a wrens quill, and the skin of a Greenland louse: this pipe was so shrill, and so sweete, that a Scottish pipe compared to it, it would no more come neere it, then a Jewes-trump doth to an Irish harpe.

After they had danced, King Obreon spake to his sonne, Robin Good-fellow, in this manner:

When ere you heare my piper blow,  
From thy bed see that thou goe ;  
For nightly you must with us dance,  
When we in circles round doe prance.  
I love thee, sonne, and by the hand  
I carry thee to Fairy Land,  
Where thou shalt see what no man knowes:  
Such love thee King Obreon owes.

So marched they in good manner (with their piper before) to the Fairy Land: there did King Obreon shew Robin Good-fellow many secrets, which hee never did open to the world.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW WAS WONT TO WALK  
IN THE NIGHT.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW would many times walke in the night with a broome on his shoulder, and cry chimney sweepe, but when any one did call him, then would he runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* Sometime hee would counterfeit a begger, begging very pitifully, but when they came to give him an almes, he would runne away, laughing as his manner was. Sometimes would hee knocke at mens doores, and when the servants came, he would blow out the candle, if they were men; but if they were women, hee would not onely put out their light, but kisse them full sweetly, and then go away as his fashion was, *ho, ho, hoh!* Oftentimes would he sing at a doore like a singing man, and when they



did come to give him his reward, he would turne his backe and laugh. In these humors of his hee had many pretty songs, which I will sing as perfect as I can. For his chimney-sweepers humors he had these songs: the first is to the tune of, *I have beene a fiddler these fifteene yeeres.*

Blacke I am from head to foote,  
And all doth come by chimney soote:  
Then, maydens, come and cherrish him  
That makes your chimnies neat and trim.

Hornes have I store, but all at my backe ;  
My head no ornament doth lacke:  
I give my hornes to other men,  
And ne're require them againe.

Then come away, you wanton wives,  
That love your pleasures as your lives:  
To each good woman Ile give two,  
Or more, if she thinke them too few.

Then would he change his note and sing this following, to the tune of *What care I how faire she be?*

Be she blacker then the stocke,  
If that thou wilt make her faire,  
Put her in a cambricke smocke,  
Buy her painte and flaxen haire.

One your carrier brings to towne  
Will put downe your city bred ;  
Put her on a brokers gowne,  
That will sell her mayden-head.

Comes your Spaniard, proud in minde,  
Heele have the first cut, or else none:  
The meeke Italian comes behind,  
And your French-man pickes the bone.

Still she trades with Dutch and Scot,  
 Irish, and the Germaine tall,  
 Till she get the thing you wot;  
 Then her ends an hospitall.

A song to the tune of *The Spanish Pavin*.

When Vertue was a country maide,  
 And had no skill to set up trade,  
 She came up with a carriers jade,  
 And lay at racke and manger.  
 She whift her pipe, she drunke her can,  
 The pot was nere out of her span;  
 She married a tobacco man,  
 A stranger, a stranger.

They set up shop in Hunney Lane,  
 And thither flyes did swarme amaine,  
 Some from France, some from Spaine,  
 Traind in by scurvy panders.  
 At last this hunney pot grew dry,  
 Then both were forced for to fly  
 To Flanders, to Flanders.

Another to the tune of *The Coranto*.

I peeped in at the Wool sacke,  
 O, what a goodly sight did I  
 Behold at mid-night chyme!  
 The wenches were drinking of muld sacke;  
 Each youth on his knee, that then did want  
 A yeere and a halfe of his time.  
 They leaped and skipped,  
 They kissed and they clipped,  
 And yet it was counted no crime.

The grocers chiefe servant brought sugar,  
 And out of his leather pocket he puld,  
 And kuld some pound and a halfe;

For which he was sufferd to smacke her  
That was his sweet-heart, and would not depart,  
But turn'd and lickt the calfe.

He rung her, and he flung her,  
He kist her, and he swung her,  
And yet she did nothing but laugh.

Thus would he sing about cities and townes, and  
when any one called him, he would change his shape,  
and go laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* For his humors of  
begging he used this song, to the tune of *The Jovial  
Tinker.*

Good people of this mansion,  
Unto the poore be pleased  
To doe some good, and give some food,  
That hunger may be eased.  
My limbes with fire are burned,  
My goods and lands defaced;  
Of wife and child I am beguild,  
So much am I debased.  
Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese, or butter,  
Bacon, hempe, or flaxe;  
Some pudding bring, or other thing:  
My need doth make me aske.

I am no common begger,  
Nor am I skild in canting:  
You nere shall see a wench with me,  
Such trickes in me are wanting.  
I curse not if you give not,  
But still I pray and blesse you,  
Still wishing joy, and that annoy  
May never more possesse you.  
Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese or butter,  
Bacon, hempe or flaxe;  
Some pudding bring, or other thing,  
My neede doth make me aske.

When any came to releeve him, then would he change himselfe into some other shape, and runne laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* Then would hee shape himselfe like to a singing man; and at mens windowes and doores sing civil and vertuous songs, one of which I will sing to the tune of *Broome*.

If thou wilt lead a blest and happy life,  
 I will describe the perfect way:  
 First must thou shun all cause of mortall strife,  
 Against thy lusts continually to pray.  
 Attend unto Gods word:  
 Great comfort 'twill afford;  
 'Twill keepe thee from discord.  
 Then trust in God, the Lord,  
     for ever,  
     for ever;  
 And see in this thou persever.

So soone as day appeareth in the east  
 Give thanks to him, and mercy crave;  
 So in this life thou shalt be surely blest,  
 And mercy shalt thou find in grave.  
 The conscience that is cleere  
 No horror doth it feare;  
 'Tis voyd of mortall care,  
 And never doth despaire;  
     but ever,  
     but ever  
 Doth in the word of God persever.

Thus living, when thou drawest to thy end  
 Thy joyes they shall much more encrease,  
 For then thy soule, thy true and loving friend,  
 By death shall find a wisht release  
 From all that caused sinne,  
 In which it lived in;



For then it doth beginne  
Those blessed joyes to win,  
    for ever,  
    for ever,  
For there is nothing can them sever.

Those blessed joyes which then thou shalt possesse,  
No mortall tongue can them declare:  
All earthly joyes, compar'd with this, are lesse  
Then smallest mote to the world so faire.  
Then is not that man blest  
That must injoy this rest?  
Full happy is that guest  
Invited to this feast,  
    that ever,  
    that ever  
Indureth, and is ended never.

When they opened the window or doore, then  
would he runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* Some-  
times would he goe like a Belman in the night, and  
with many pretty verses delight the eares of those  
that waked at his bell ringing: his verses were these.

Maydes in your smockes,  
Looke well to your lockes,  
And your tinder boxe,  
Your wheelles and your rockes,  
Your hens and your cockes,  
Your coves and your oxe,  
And beware of the foxe.  
When the Bell-man knockes,  
Put out your fire and candle light,  
So they shall not you affright:  
May you dreame of your delights,  
In your sleeps see pleasing sights.  
Good rest to all, both old and young:  
The Bell-man now hath done his song.

Then would he goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* as his use was. Thus would he continually practise himselfe in honest mirth, never doing hurt to any that were cleanly and honest minded.

HOW THE FAIRYES CALLED ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW TO  
DANCE WITH THEM, AND HOW THEY SHEWED  
HIM THEIR SEVERALL CONDITIONS.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW being walking one night heard the excellent musicke of Tom Thumbs brave bag-pipe: he, remembering the sound (according to the command of King Obreon) went toward them. They, for joy that he was come, did circle him in, and in a ring did dance round about him. Robin Good-fellow, seeing their love to him, danced in the midst of them, and sung them this song to the tune of *To him Bun*.

THE SONG.

Round about, little ones, quick and nimble,  
In and out wheele about, run, hop, or amble.  
Joyne your hands lovingly: well done, musition!  
Mirth keepeth man in health like a phisition.  
Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairyes  
That doe fillch, blacke, and pinch mayds of the dairyes;  
Make a ring on the grasse with your quicke measures,  
Tom shall play, and Ile sing for all your pleasures.

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,  
Goe you together,  
For you can change your shapes  
Like to the weather.

Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,  
You all have trickes, too ;  
Little Tom Thumb that pipes  
Shall goe betwixt you.  
Tom, tickle up thy pipes  
Till they be weary:  
I will laugh, *ho, ho, hoh !*  
And make me merry.  
Make a ring on this grasse  
With your quicke measures:  
Tom shall play, I will sing  
For all your pleasures.

The moone shines faire and bright,  
And the owle hollows,  
Mortals now take their rests  
Upon their pillows:  
The bats abroad likewise,  
And the night raven,  
Which doth use for to call  
Men to Deaths haven.  
Now the mice peepe abroad,  
And the cats take them,  
Now doe young wenches sleepe,  
Till their dreames wake them.  
Make a ring on the grasse  
With your quicke measures:  
Tom shall play, I will sing  
For all your pleasures.

Thus danced they a good space : at last they left and sat downe upon the grasse ; and to requite Robin Good-fellowes kindnesse, they promised to tell to him all the exploits that they were accustomed to doe : Robin thanked them and listned to them, and one begun to tell his trickes in this manner.

## THE TRICKES OF THE FAYRY CALLED PINCH.

AFTER that wee have danced in this manner as you have beheld, I, that am called Pinch, do goe about from house to house: sometimes I find the dores of the house open; that negligent servant that left them so, I doe so nip him or her, that with my pinches their bodyes are as many colors as a mackrels backe. Then take I them, and lay I them in the doore, naked or unnaked I care not whether: there they lye, many times till broad day, ere they waken; and many times, against their wills, they shew some parts about them, that they would not have openly seene.

Sometimes I find a slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, or doing something else which she hath left undone: her I pinch about the armes, for not laying her armes to her labor. Some I find in their bed snorting and sleeping, and their houses lying as cleane as a nasty doggs kennell; in one corner bones, in another eg-shells, behind the doore a heap of dust, the dishes under feet, and the cat in the cubbord: all these sluttish trickes I doe reward with blue legges, and blue armes. I find some slovens too, as well as sluts: they pay for their beastlinesse too, as well as the women-kind; for if they uncase a sloven and not unty their points, I so pay their armes that they cannot sometimes untye them, if they would. Those that leave foule shooes, or goe into their beds with their stockings on, I use them as I did



the former, and never leave them till they have left their beastlinesse.

But to the good I doe no harme,  
But cover them, and keepe them warme:  
Sluts and slovens I doe pinch,  
And make them in their beds to winch.  
This is my practice, and my trade;  
Many have I cleanly made.

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THE TRICKES OF THE FAYRY CALLED PACH.

ABOUT mid-night do I walke, and for the trickes I play they call me Pach. When I find a slut asleepe, I smuch her face if it be cleane; but if it be durty, I wash it in the next pisse-pot that I can finde: the balls I use to wash such sluts withal is a sows pan-cake, or a pilgrimes salve. Those that I find with their heads nitty and scabby, for want of combing, I am their barbers, and cut their hayre as close as an apes tayle; or else clap so much pitch on it, that they must cut it off themselves to their great shame. Slovens also that neglect their masters businesse, they doe not escape. Some I find that spoyle their masters horses for want of currying: those I doe daube with grease and soote, that they are faine to curry themselves ere they can get cleane. Others that for laysinesse will give the poore beasts no meate, I oftentimes so punish them with blowes, that they cannot feed themselves they are so sore.

Thus many trickes I, Pach, can doe,  
But to the good I ne'ere was foe:  
The bad I hate and will doe ever,  
Till they from ill themselves doe sever.  
To helpe the good Ile run and goe,  
The bad no good from me shall know.

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## THE TRICKS OF THE FAIRY CALLED GULL.

WHEN mortals keep their beds I walke abroad, and for my pranks am called by the name of Gull. I with a fayned voyce doe often deceive many men, to their great amazement. Many times I get on men and women, and so lye on their stomackes, that I cause their great paine, for which they call me by the name of Hagge, or Night-mare. Tis I that doe steale children, and in the place of them leave changelings. Sometime I also steale milke and creame, and then with my brothers Patch, Pinch, and Grim, and sisters Sib, Tib, Licke, and Lull, I feast with my stolne goods: our little piper hath his share in all our spoyles, but hee nor our women fayries doe ever put themselves in danger to doe any great exploit.

What Gull can doe, I have you showne;  
I am inferior unto none.  
Command me, Robin, thou shalt know,  
That I for thee will ride or goe:  
I can doe greater things than these  
Upon the land, and on the seas.

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## THE TRICKES OF THE FAIRY CALD GRIM.

I WALKE with the owle, and make many to cry as loud as she doth hollow. Sometimes I doe affright many simple people, for which some have termed me the Blacke Dog of New-gate. At the meetings of young men and maydes I many times am, and when they are in the midst of all their good cheare, I come in, in some feareful shape, and affright them, and then carry away their good cheare, and eate it with my fellow fayries. Tis I that do, like a skritch-owle, cry at sicke mens windowes, which makes the hearers so fearefull, that they say, that the sicke person cannot live. Many other wayes have I to fright the simple, but the understanding man I cannot moove to feare, because he knowes I have no power to do hurt.

My nightly businesse I have told,  
To play these trickes I use of old:  
When candles burne both blue and dim,  
Old folkes will say, Here's fairy Grim.  
More trickes then these I use to doe:  
Hereat cry'd Robin, *Ho, ho, hoh!*

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## THE TRICKES OF THE WOMEN FAYRIES TOLD BY SIB.

To walke nightly, as do the men fayries, we use not; but now and then we goe together, and at good huswives fires we warme and dresse our fayry children.

If wee find cleane water and cleane towels, wee leave them money, either in their basons or in their shooes; but if wee find no cleane water in their houses, we wash our children in their pottage, milke, or beere, or what-ere we finde: for the sluts that leave not such things fitting, wee wash their faces and hands with a gilded child's clout, or els carry them to some river, and ducke them over head and eares. We often use to dwell in some great hill, and from thence we doe lend money to any poore man, or woman that hath need; but if they bring it not againe at the day appointed, we doe not only punish them with pinching, but also in their goods, so that they never thrive till they have payd us.

Tib and I the chieftest are,  
And for all things doe take care.  
Licke is cooke and dresseth meate,  
And fetcheth all things that we eat:  
Lull is nurse and tends the cradle,  
And the babes doth dresse and swadle.  
This little fellow, cald Tom Thumb,  
That is no bigger then a plumb,  
He is the porter to our gate,  
For he doth let all in thereat,  
And makes us merry with his play,  
And merrily we spend the day.

Shee having spoken, Tom Thumb stood up on tip-toe  
and shewed himselfe, saying,

My actions all in volumes two are wrote,  
The least of which will never be forgot.

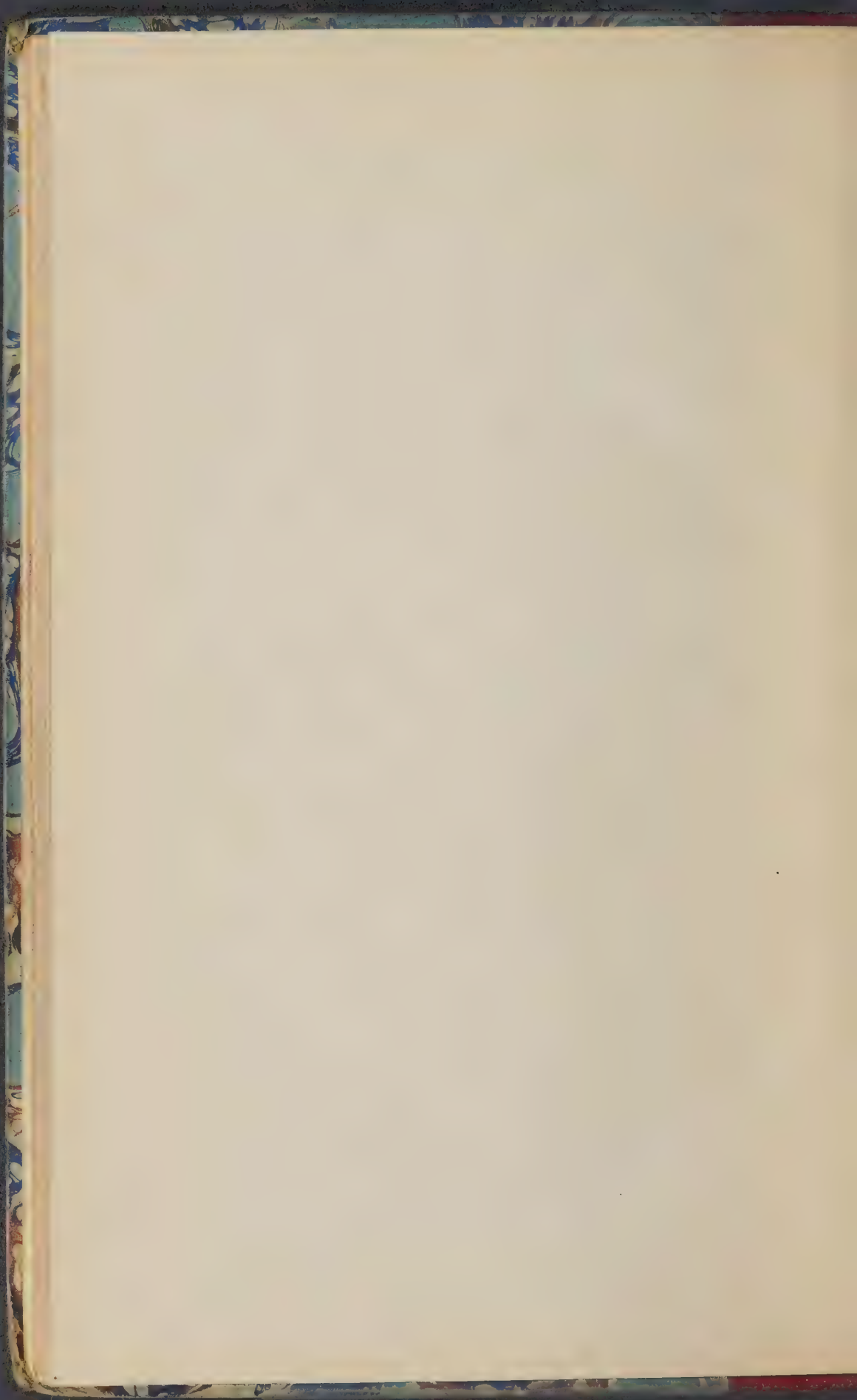


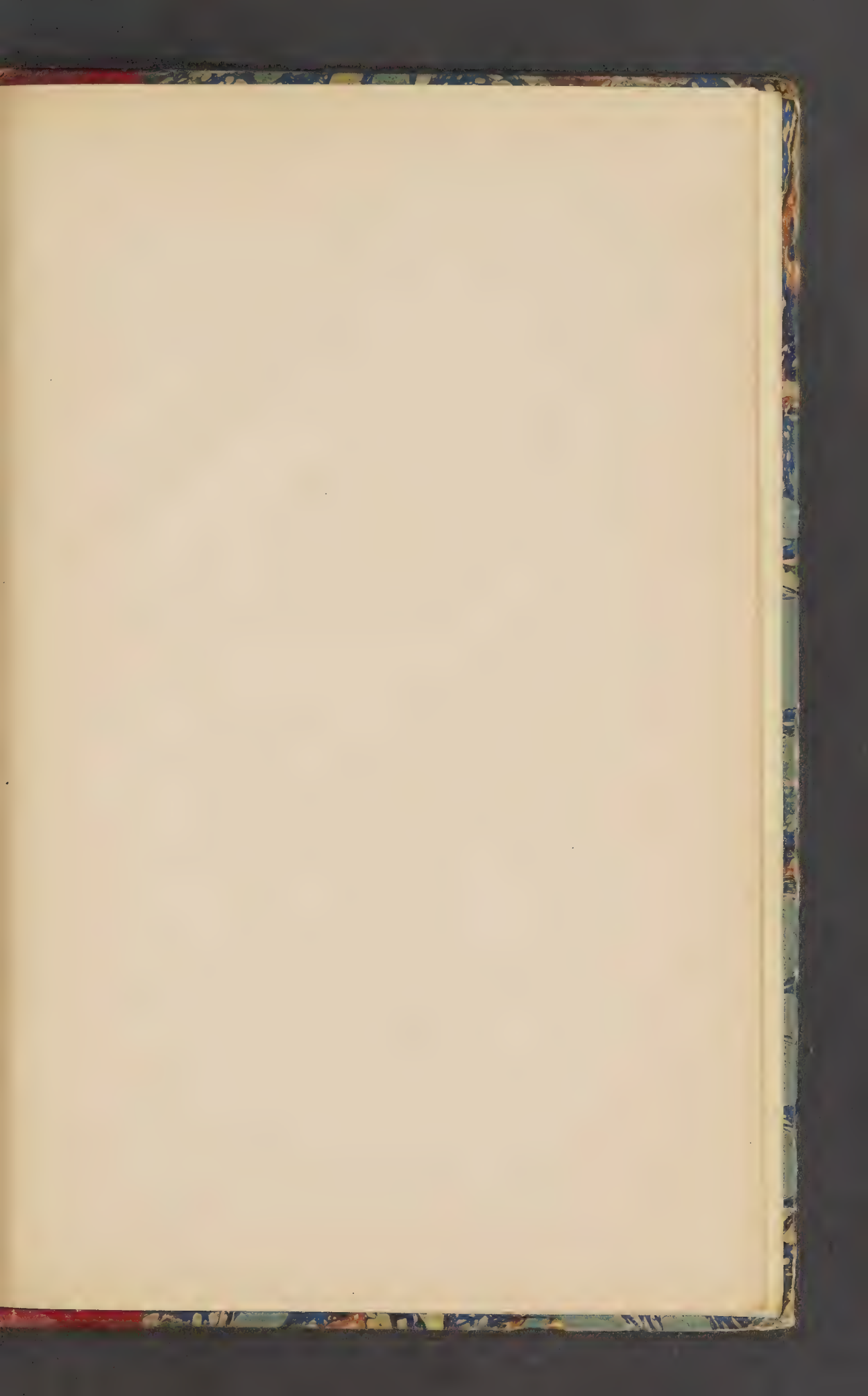
He had no sooner ended his two lines, but a shepheard (that was watching in the field all night) blew up a bag-pipe: this so frightened Tom, that he could not tell what to doe for the present time. The fayries seeing Tom Thumbe in such a feare, punisht the shepheard with his pipes losse, so that the shepherds pipe presently brake in his hand, to his great amazement. Hereat did Robin Good-fellow laugh, *ho, ho, hoh!* Morning beeing come, they all hasted to Fayry Land, where I thinke they yet remaine.

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My hostesse asked me how I liked this tale? I said, it was long enough, and good enough to passe time that might be worser spent. I, seeing her dry, called for two pots: she emptied one of them at a draught, and never breathed for the matter: I emptied the other at leasure; and being late I went to bed, and did dreame of this which I had heard.

FINIS.

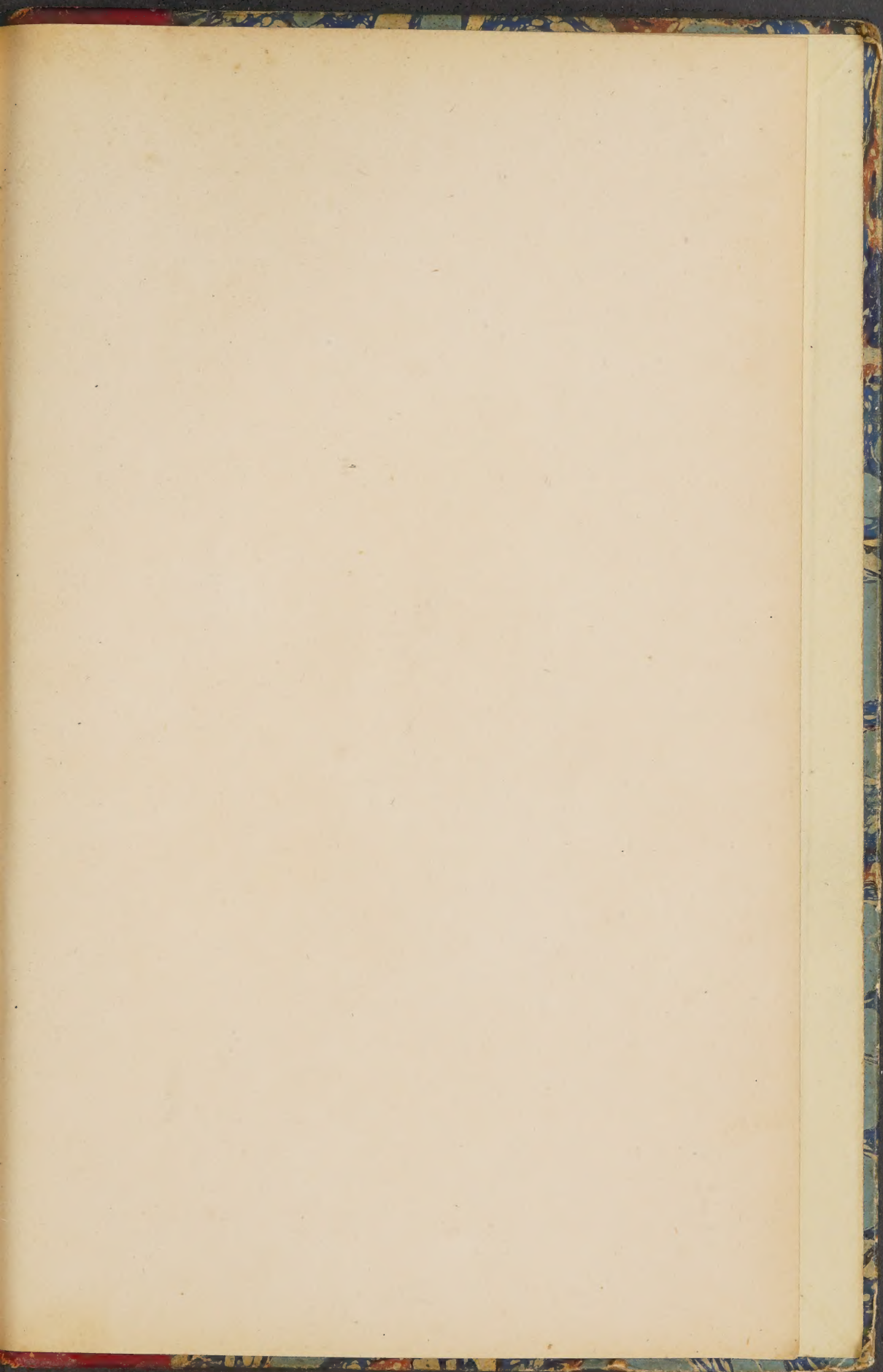


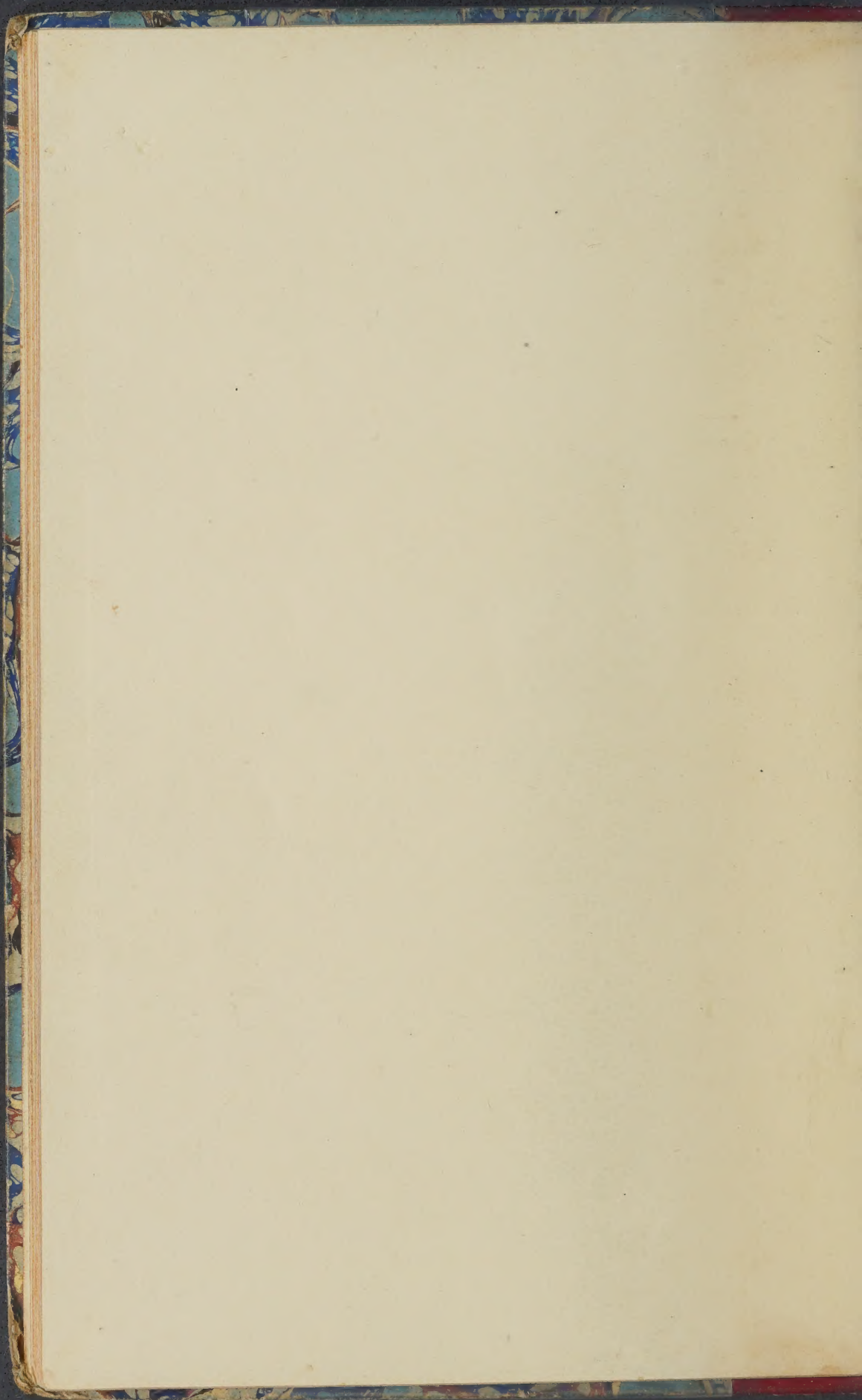


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